

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little *Robin*. (with you?)

Mist. Ford. How now my *Eyas-Musker*, what newes
Rob. My *M. Sir John* is come in at your backe doore
(*Mist. Ford.* and requests your company.)

M. Page. You little lack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs
Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your
being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlast-
ing liberty, if I tell you of it: for he swears he'll turne
me away.

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine
shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new dou-
blet and hose. Ile go hide me.

M. Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: *Mis-
tris Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mist. Ford. Go too then: we'll vse this vnholsome
humidity, this grosse-warty Pumpion; we'll teach him
to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heavenly Iewell? Why
now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the
period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mist. Ford. O sweet *Sir John*.

Fal. *Mist. Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist.
Ford.* now shall I fin in my wish; I would thy Husband
were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would
make thee my Lady.

Mist. Ford. I your Lady *Sir John*? Alas, I should bee a
pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another:
I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou
hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes
the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian
admirance.

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, *Sir John*:
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make
an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote,
would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-
circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy
foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not
hide it.

Mist. Ford. Beleue me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade
thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I
cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie
of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women
in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in sim-
ple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and
thou deseru'st it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue *M. Page*.
Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the
Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the recke of
a Lime-kill.

Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;
Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. *Mist. Ford*, *Mist. Ford*: heere's *Mist. Page* at
the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely,
and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will enconce mee behinde
the Arras.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very ratling woman.
Whats the matter? How now?

Mist. Page. O *mist. Ford* what haue you done?

You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good *mist. Page*?

M. Page. O weladaye, *mist. Ford*, hauing an honest man
to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspicion.

M. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

M. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out vpon you:
How am I mistooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (*Woman*)
with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentle-
man, that he sayes is heere now in the house; by your
consent to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are
vndone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such
a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's com-
ming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such
a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe
cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here,
conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your
senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to
your good life for euer.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my
deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much,
as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were
out of the house.

M. Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and
you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bebinke
you of some conuycance: in the house you cannot hide
him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Look, heere is a
basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe
in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were
going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by
your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What *Sir John Falstaffe*? Are these your Let-
ters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in
heere: ile neuer—

M. Page. Helpe to couer your master (*Boy*;) Call
your men (*Mist. Ford*;) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*; Go, take vp these
clothes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffer? Look
how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in *Dac-
chet mead*: quickly, come.

Ford. Pray you come nere if I suspect without cause,
Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest,
I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M. Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they
beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Bucke? I would I could wash my selfe of *§ Bucke*:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the season too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my
dreme: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my
Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'll
vnnennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now
vncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: *Sir John*
You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (*master Page*) vp Gentlemen, *End*
You shall see sport anon:

Follow

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Fenton*, *Anne*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*,
Quickly, *Page*, *Mist. Page*.

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (*sweet Nan*.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*;) Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayne at.

An. Gentle *M. Fenton*,

Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it fir,

If opportunity and humblest suite

Cannot attaine it, why then haue you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke *Mist. Quickly*,

My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Shal. He make a shaft or a bolt on't, tis but ventu-
(ring.)

Shal. Be not dismayd.

Shal. No, she shall not dismay me:

I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, *M. Slender* would speake a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:

O what a world of wilde ill-fanour'd faults

Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?

Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:

O boy, thou hadst a father.

Shal. I had a father (*M. An*) my vnckle can tel you good

iests of him: pray you Vnckle, tel *Mist. Anne* the iest how

my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. *Mist. Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Shal. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Glo-

cestershire:

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Shal. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the

degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds

ioynture.

Anne. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for him-

selfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for

that good comfort: she calls you (*Coz*) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*,

Shal. Now good *Mist. Anne*,

Anne. What is your will?

Shal. My will? Odd's-hart-linge, that's a prettie

iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hea-

uen:) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen

praise.

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